

## TURNED HIM INTO A FREAK.

Young Man's Unfortunate Experience With a "Hair Wash."

There is a young resident of the upper western section of the town who is blessed with dignity beyond his years, and with a sister whose years, albeit these number but 24, are beyond her common sense, says the New York Press. One night, having an extra guest, and the sister being away at a seashore, he occupied his sister's room for the night. Discovering on her toilet table a bottle marked hair wash, and thinking that perhaps his own not over luxuriant crop required attention, he applied the contents of the bottle liberally to his scalp locks, rubbing it in with thoroughness.

The following day, two hours before any business hour opened its doors, an individual with a slouch hat pulled down over his ears and having all the signs of dementia went speeding down town on the subway express. Wild-eyed and incoherent he sought the establishment of one of the best hair-dressers in town.

He has repeated his visit to the shop every morning since that time, and the specialist is slowly removing by occult processes known to his trade, the brilliant gold streaks which were so noticeable and the jetty black of the remainder of the coiffure.

## THEN HE STOPPED LAUGHING.

Wife's Simple Question Evidently Hard One to Answer.

Five young men went into a store to buy a hat each.

Seeing they were in a joking mood, the clerk said, "Are you married?"

They each said, "Yes."

"Then I'll give a hat to the one who can truthfully say he has not kissed any other woman but his own wife since he was married."

"Hand over a hat," said one of the party. "I've won it."

"When were you married?"

"Yesterday," was the reply, and the hat was handed over.

One of the others was laughing heartily whilst telling his wife the joke, but suddenly pulled up when she said:

"I say, John, how was it you didn't bring one?"

## The Ghost of Trichinopoly.

The ghost may be seen on most nights between the hours of 11 and 2 on the Tennur road. She is a most beautiful creature who walks out of the river with her clothes all wet, water dripping from her long silken tresses, and she carries in her right hand—a not a piece of soap nor an antiquated toothbrush—merely a brass lotah. If any person attempts to approach her she merely points the forefinger of her left hand at him and he dies! The ghost was originally one of the temple dancing girls famous all over the town for her striking beauty. The temple authorities raised objections to her bathing there and ordered her to creep out quietly at 11 every night and bathe in the river at Tennur where no one would see her. This she did for some time, but another temple girl gave away the secret, with the result that the next night when bathing she heard the tramp of many feet and on rushing out to see what was the matter was accidentally knocked into the river and drowned by the crowd of men rushing to the riverside to see her.—Madras Mail.

## Quite Precared.

The members of a ladies' ambulance class were being instructed the other day what to do in the case of a wounded artery in the arm or leg, namely, that the bleeding might be stopped by tying a handkerchief tightly over a pad with the aid of a ruler. The question was then asked:

"How would you proceed in the case of a person bleeding from a bad wound in the head?"

To this one of the young ladies volunteered the following decisive remedy:

"I would tie a handkerchief round the neck, apply a pad to the throat, and with a ruler inserted under the knot at the back of the neck, tighten the handkerchief till the bleeding ceased."

## Delilah's Little Joke.

Samson awakened suddenly and discovered that Delilah was chopping his hair without any regard to the latest styles in the ancient tonsorial parlors.

"What ails you?" thundered Samson. "Can't you cut my hair straight without taking so many hacks?"

Delilah smiled over her huge shears.

"All right, pet," she assured. "After this I will take automobiles."

Refusing to crack a smile at Delilah's alleged wit, Samson put on his shin guards and rushed out to join a football team.—Chicago Daily News.

## The Dread of Riches.

The man of ten dollars a week income had just been rejected. Vainly he pleaded to have the case reopened.

"No, George," said the girl, firmly. "I have read that all millionaires begin on ten dollars a week or less, and I deem myself unworthy to be the wife of a millionaire. Some poor fellow with about \$20,000 a year might catch me, though," she added, thoughtfully.

## Like Attracting Like.

"Do you see any good reason why a doctor should not also be a poet?"

"Certainly not; isn't poetry a drug in the market?"

## TREASURE IN AN OLD HOUSE.

Nehemiah Cutter, of Arlington, Had Stowed Away \$15,000.

In the old Cutter house, on the Lexington road, in Arlington, a recent search has brought to light money, notes and certificates amounting in ready value to \$15,000 and upward. The treasure belongs to Nehemiah Cutter, who lived in the house with his sister, Lucy Cutter, until he was taken away to a hospital a few days ago. Miss Cutter knew that her brother had money secreted in his room, but neither she nor anybody else suspected that there was more than a hundred dollars or so, says the Boston Transcript.

After the brother's removal, Miss Cutter was in need of money. She called in the family solicitor, B. B. Johnson, of Waltham, who is also a somewhat distant relative of Mr. Cutter, and together they searched the brother's apartments. They found that instead of a few hundred dollars there was nearly \$15,000 in actual cash, besides stocks and bonds, which, with the interest coupons, will possibly double the amount. The money has been placed in the Waltham National bank, deposited by Mr. Johnson as guardian for Cutter.

The Cutter property, which is on the main road to Lexington and Concord, was deeded to the family in 1745, and from that day until the present some member of the family has resided on the spot. Nehemiah Cutter, great-grandfather of the present Nehemiah, was the first owner, and from him the property passed to the hands of his son, Nehemiah, who in turn willed it to his son Elijah, and so it reached the hands of the present Nehemiah.

Although no general search has been made in other parts of the house, it is not thought that Cutter has any money hidden elsewhere, for he guarded his own room with such care that it was quite apparent that there was the source of his wealth.

Neighbors of the Cutters were greatly surprised when they learned of the amount of money which had been found in the house. The family has never made any pretensions, the old man going about with threadbare clothes, while the house itself, with all its collection of outlying sheds, was much in need of repair.

## Men as Public Mirror Gazers.

Persons who dig chewing gum and candy from slot machines, having complained all summer because the machines were not cooled with ice or electric fans to prevent the melting of the contents, have another growl. At the Brooklyn bridge station of the subway recently a girl in a short raspberry pink suit, severely plain (though she wasn't), and a hat at such an angle it looked as if it were pinned to the right ear, complained to three other young women that it was almost impossible to get near the slot machines, there were always so many men looking in the glass and fixing their needles and collars. "Why, before those slot machines with mirrors were put in the subway," said she, "some men told us women were so vain they would fight to get a peep in the glass. Well, look at the thousands rushing down here every day and you'll find a tremendous majority of those who pause before the mirrors are not of the so-called vain sex."

## Enjoyment at the Dining Table.

There isn't much question that most of us would get along better if a little more attention were given to mastication, if we ate less meat—indeed, less of everything; but there are so many other offenses against good physiology more serious in their results and almost equally prevalent that the layman may be excused for skepticism as to the necessity for political economists deserting their own field to push the cause of the chewers. A man who consistently chews each mouthful of custard 47 times through life may have a chance of living to be a 100 a fraction of a point better than the man who bolts butter cakes whole, but the latter during his shorter earthly sojourn, having his attention less closely fixed on his stomach, may actually do more good in the world than the human hashing machine.—New York Globe.

## Constancy.

A story is told of Gen. Sir Alfred Horsford, who believed in a celibate army. A soldier once sought his permission to marry, saying he had two good conduct badges and \$25 in the savings bank. "Well, go away," said Sir Alfred, "and if you come back this day year in the same mind you shall marry. I'll keep the vacancy." On the anniversary the soldier repeated his request. "But do you really, after a year, want to marry?" "Yes, sir, very much." "Sergeant major, take his name down. Yes, you may marry. I never believed there was so much constancy in man or woman. Right face; quick march!" As the man left the room, turning his head, he said, "Thank you, sir; it isn't the same woman."

## Guessing at It.

"I neglected to ask that last patient what his occupation is," said the new attendant at the hospital. "Shall I leave that record blank?"

"What was the matter with him?" asked the resident physician.

"Injured at the back of the spine."

"Put him down as a book agent."

## The Retort Feminine.

"That odious Mrs. Brassey sent over this afternoon to borrow my best parasol. She said her parasol didn't quite match her gown."

"What did you tell her?"

"Gown."

## THE ANGEL CHILD'S LESSON.

Didn't Result as the Penurious Parent Had Hoped, but the A. C. Had Fun.

The penurious parent had been instructing the angel child in the art of saving. The angel child had listened dutifully, and when the P. P. presented it with a patent savings bank the A. C. agreed to put all the nickels he got into the bank.

At the end of the week of persistent begging from the other members of the family the A. C. gazed into the patent bank and discovered that he had \$4.50.

"Oh, papa!" said the A. C., its dimpled physiognomy crumpled with smiles. "I need only two more nickels to have the required \$5. Have I not been a good boy to not spend them one by one as I used to do?"

"You have, my child," replied the P. P. promptly, "and to show you the reward of economy is a comfortable bank account, I will now give you the money to fill your bank. I can then be opened and your money placed in the big bank down town."

Saying which he handed the A. C. two nickels and the little one danced away happy.

"This only goes to show," said the P. P. to his wife, "that the education of right ideas cannot be too soon with children. It is well, forerunner of a good and glorious career for our child; and I feel that we will look back upon this episode as a life after years, and remember with pride the fact that I taught him the 'principles of good citizenship'."

Having gotten such sentiment out of his system, the P. P. fell to pouring the financial gospel of the Evening Exciter.

And meanwhile the angel child, he pushed the two coins into the bank, gave it the proper twist and tamped the contents into his hat, then he proceeded to sneak around the corner, rather up ten or 15 of his alley acquaintances, and blow them off to soda, ice cream and cubed cigars at the nearest confectionery, returning home with an empty bank but a full stomach.

Moral: You can't teach a young dog old tricks.—Judge.

## Qualities of Arab Horse.

Our present thoroughbred is a living witness of the Arab's capability as a founder and creator of races. Himself a natural racer, bred through centuries for running rather than draft, bred also for speed and stay, the Arab possesses every gift and qualification, courage, docility, temper, endurance, action, determination.

If he cannot go with the flyers of the course, bred and trained solely for speed, neither can he be called slow. He has run two miles with Derby weight up in 3:48, yet on the course he keeps nearly to his normal speed. Long or short, his race is run true from end to end; moreover, so excellent are his temper and constitution that he stands training for years and years and has been known to win races in his teens.

In the point of endurance no other horse is worthy to be named with him. Under the trying Indian sun the two little Arabs, Honeyuckle and Grayleg, were matched for two-mile heats, best three in five. It took seven heats to decide the match, and three of them were dead heats.—Country Life in America.

## Shaw in the Pie Belt.

Secretary Shaw paid a visit to the pie belt region of New England the past summer.

He stopped one night at a small country hotel, where the youthful daughter of the proprietor officiated as waitress.

Seating himself at the breakfast table the next morning, Mr. Shaw asked:

"Have you any breakfast food, young lady?"

The ingenuous little Vermont starer stared perplexed at the secretary, cast her eyes with significance over the well laden table, upon which was spread the usual assortment of preserves, jellies, pickles, Worcestershire sauce, ham, eggs and bread, and stammered out:

"Excuse me, sir, but what did you want?"

"Why, some breakfast food, please," repeated Secretary Shaw, politely.

The girl frowned, and then, with sudden illumination of the distinguished guest's meaning, replied glibly:

"Oh, yes, sir; we have apple, pumpkin, gooseberry, and—I believe—squash pie!" And she hurried from the room to execute Secretary Shaw's order.

## Dipsomania.

Charles J. Douglas defines dipsomania as an abnormal demand of the nervous system, either constant or periodic, for the drug action of alcohol—a demand so strong that the patient takes the alcohol in spite of his earnest wish and effort to avoid it. Dipsomania partakes of the nature of both a neurosis and a psychosis, the predisposing cause being a nervous system that is peculiarly susceptible to the poisonous or intoxicating action of alcohol.

Dipsomania is a curable disease and not a mere habit, says the Medical Record. The patient should be removed from home, with all its customary surroundings, and devote himself to the business of being cured. In the majority of cases the writer administers some remedies hypodermically at stated hours. He usually prescribes alcoholic liquors during the first few days of treatment, gradually withdrawing them.

Milk and raw eggs are probably the best nutrient. Apomorphine is the most prompt and effective hypnotic.

## MADE RIDER A HERO

BALKY MULE GAVE SOLDIER FIRST STEP IN CAREER.

Kasterlitzky's Animal Refused to Retreat and Charged the Enemy, Action Turning Defeat Into Victory.

One of the central figures in the riots and battles between Americans and Mexican miners at Cananea was Lieut. Col. Kasterlitzky of the Mexican army.

This daring fighter is not a Mexican, but, as his name implies, a native of Poland. Coming to the United States at 15 years of age, he gained a good knowledge of English and drifted into Mexico.

There he joined the Mexican regular army, and now, at 45 years of age, is known as one of the most intrepid soldiers the republic has.

It has been claimed that Kasterlitzky was trained in the United States army, but officers of the department of Colorado say that he never was in the army. His love of personal liberty and his instincts as a soldier of fortune was developed here.

Col. Kasterlitzky is a tall, wiry, strongly built man, trained in all the art of his calling, and one of the best shots in the Mexican army. He is probably the best man in that country to cope with a mob.

The colonel, who is a Pole of noble blood, came to the United States at an early age and enlisted in the regular army. While stationed at El Paso, so the story goes, he struck an officer of the army for a fancied insult. Knowing the severe punishment which would be visited on him he fled across the Rio Grande into Mexico.

He found it impossible to get a commission in the Mexican army, and, as the privates in that country are recruited from the criminal classes, he could hardly enlist.

Knowing all about horses he was finally attached to the army in the capacity of a horse-shoer. When on a campaign in Siona his company was attacked by a band of Yaqui Indians. The commanding officer of the Mexicans ordered a masterly retreat. The horse-shoer was mounted on a mule, which, with true obstinacy, refused to retreat, but broke into a gallop, headed toward the enemy. Kasterlitzky could not check his steed, so he drew a pistol and shouted for the Mexican soldiers to follow him. They did so, and the enemy was put to flight. For this act of involuntary valor Kasterlitzky was made an officer and has steadily advanced until he is now a colonel.

Once at Magdalena, in the state of Sonora, where the colonel was in command of the barracks, he entertained an American friend. The next morning, while dressing, the visitor heard some gun shots. When he met his host at breakfast he asked the cause of the firing, and the colonel told him he had just had three soldiers shot. He was asked what they were charged with, and replied: "Nothing in particular. We just shot them to keep up discipline."—Indianapolis Star.

## Seth Got His Store Boots.

An ex-mayor of one of our Massachusetts cities not 1,000 miles from Chelsea recently related to me an interesting story of his early days, says a writer in the Boston Herald.

He was born and spent his boyhood in York county, Me. It was the custom in those days to have leather on hand and employ a local shoemaker to come to the house and make up and repair a supply of shoes for the coming year. Col. Day, the man employed in that section, was not a very stylish or finished workman, and as the country stores had begun to keep boots, the future mayor informed him that he need not make him any boots, as he should get a pair of store boots.

Day was angry, and said: "You are getting d-d stuck up. I want you to know that better men than you wear my make of boots. John Ham, our representative, wore a pair of my make to Augusta last winter."

But Seth got his store shoes just the same.

## Tramps Resemble Apes.

There is a striking resemblance between tramps and apes, according to Dr. J. Wilson Rhodes, chairman of the central committee of poor law conferences, says the London Express.

"If," he said, "you walk with an unemployed procession for about half a mile and study the tramps you will see that a great many of them are of the degenerate type."

"They have a peculiar walk with them, and it is like that of an anthropoid ape."

"I have watched the tramps in England, on the continent, and in America, and all the world over there is a great similarity between them. We must discourage the growth of the class of men who more nearly resemble apes year after year."

## Site for Charlemagne.

Charlemagne, though interred at Aix-la-Chapelle, and regarded as an ancestor by the German emperor, is nevertheless claimed as a Frenchman by the majority of modern Gauls.

Their interest in the great emperor, however, does not extend to the point of providing a definite site for his monument, which for 20 years has occupied a temporary wooden pedestal on the banks of the Seine, within the precincts of Notre Dame.

A movement is now on foot to have an appropriate pedestal set up for the statue, which is covered with waterproof canvas.

## WEATHER PROVERBS

MANY, BASED ON OBSERVATION, ARE RELIABLE.

Not All the Familiar Verses Dealing with Meteorological Subjects Are Absurdities—Some Notable Exceptions.

The agriculturist and the husbandman, and indeed all those whose conditions of life force them to rely upon the soil for the means of subsistence, are so dependent upon the changes of temperature and the alternations of wet and fair, wet and dry, that it is not surprising that questions regarding the weather should from time immemorial have been made a subject of particular attention. Long, therefore, before there was any meteorological bureau to enlighten the world with its scientific predictions, people had begun to study the face of the sky, the shifting of the wind, and the changes of the moon, and to embody the results of their observations in rough and ready rhymes and proverbs for the guidance of themselves and those who should follow in their steps.

These opinions, as usual, found expression in verse. For instance, there was an old Latin stanza which was very popular, and of which the following lines form one of several English versions:

"If St. Paul's Day be fair and clear, It doth bode a happy year; If blustering winds do blow aloft, Then wars will trouble our realms full oft; And if it chance to snow or rain, Then will be dear all sorts of grain."

Even more important for the weather-wise of the past was the 15th of July, a day which, as the feast of St. Swithin, is even to-day by no means shorn of all its former reputation. In England, at all events, it is not unusual to hear people of some pretense to education, frequently in joke, perhaps, but sometimes partly in earnest, remark that as St. Swithin's day is wet or dry (as the case may be), so for 40 days thereafter there would be a continuance of the same kind of weather. Thus the old rhyme ran:

"St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain, For forty days it will remain; St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair, For forty days 'twill rain no more."

The commonly accepted explanation of this ancient and widespread superstition is too curious to be omitted, though its value, even as tradition, has been authoritatively impugned. St. Swithin was a bishop of Winchester, who, after his death in 862, was canonized by the pope. It is said that he had expressed a wish to be buried in the open churchyard, and not, as was usual in the case of bishops, in the chancel of the cathedral. Some time afterwards, however, the monks of the establishment were seized with a fit of pious indignation at the thought that so great and good a man should sleep his last sleep in so humble, and, for a saint, so unseemly a spot; and heedless of his well remembered desire, they determined to convey the body in great state into the cathedral and reinter it there. But just as they were on the point of their operations a heavy rain burst forth, which continued without intermission for 40 succeeding days. The monks ever ready to regard any departure from the ordinary course of nature in a miraculous light, at once interpreted the tempest as a special warning from heaven, and relinquished their undertaking—whence it is said St. Swithin's day derived its prophetic character in relation to the condition of the weather for the ensuing six weeks.

But when our forefathers were content to limit themselves to a less extensive field of prophetic vision—when, instead of undertaking to settle the weather for weeks or months beforehand, they simply attempted to provide against the changes immediately approaching, they were a great deal more successful. Many of the wise saws upon which they placed such implicit reliance are not to be laughed at or thrown aside with scorn, based though they were, not upon scientific data or reasoning, but on simple observation and experience. Everybody, I suppose, is familiar with the curt little verse which runs:

"A rainbow in the morning Is the shepherd's warning; A rainbow at night Is the shepherd's delight."

But not everybody who repeats it is aware that a statement which it contains is capable of scientific verification. So, too, with such common adages as:

"If red the sun begins his race, Be sure the rain will fall apace."

And:

"Evening red and morning gray Set the traveler on his way; Evening gray and morning red Bring down rain upon his head."

Are something more than old wives' fables, for they embody at least a rough approximation to establish truth. Both of these latter proverbs, indeed, seem to be fashioned directly upon words found in the gospel of St. Matthew, where we read (chapter xvi): "In the morning, ye say it will be foul weather to-day, for the sky is red and lowering; and again, 'When it is evening, ye say it will be fair weather, for the sun is red.'"

An Exception.

"Well, there's this much about it," said the talkative man, "when a fellow starts to do anything he can always succeed if he only sticks to it."

"Yes?" replied the quiet man. "How about when you start to remove a sheet of sticky fly paper that you've sat down upon?"

## REAL ESTATE MINIBOGRAPH

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Transfers for week ending November 17, 1908.

WARRANTY DEEDS.

W. E. Benson to A. L. Dawson, et al, sw 1/4, 5, 6, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409,